

The Mirror

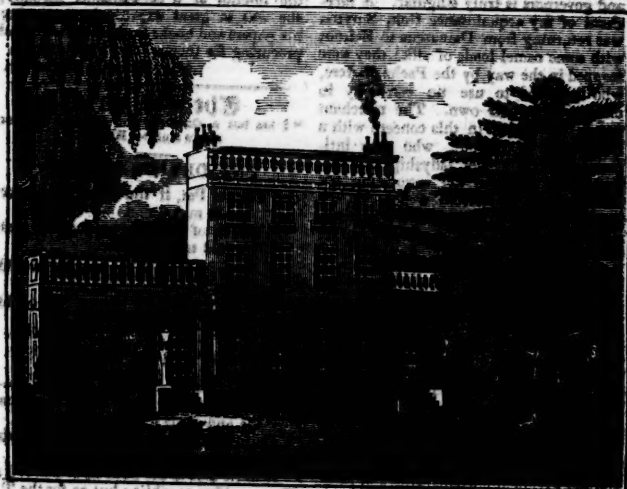
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXIX.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1826.

[PRICE 2D.]

Grove Hill, Camberwell.



AND what of Grove-Hill, Camberwell? we think we hear some of our readers say. Why, in the first place, it is a very pleasant country house, situated in Camberwell Grove, Surrey, commanding an extensive prospect, including, of course, a view of the first city in the world: secondly, it was a favourite residence of one of the most amiable men, and best philanthropists of the age—the late Dr. Cooky Lettison, who, possessing no other fortune than a few hundred slaves in Tortola, had the singular virtue to emancipate them; and, as the age of twenty-three, found himself five hundred pounds worse than nothing! a singular instance of fortune, virtue, and humanity. Lastly, Grove-Hill was the site where, seduced by the base allurements of an infamous woman, a youth added to his other crimes, that of murder. Yes, it was here that the tragic scene, which on the stage has drawn so many tears, was acted in fearful reality: here it was that George Barnwell, in order to gain money to squander on the abandoned Milwood, murdered his kind and unsuspecting uncle—a crime for which he afterwards suf-

fered. It is not, we believe, generally known that George Barnwell was executed in St. Martin's Lane, near Hemming's Row. Thus, then, it will be seen, that there are recollections and associations connected with Grove-Hill, well calculated to give it a permanent interest.

The tragedy of George Barnwell—one of the very few prose tragedies that have succeeded, was written by George Lillo, a London jeweller, and author of the "Fatal Curiosity," and "Arden of Feversham." Few plays, those of Shakspeare excepted, have kept such a permanent possession of the stage as George Barnwell.

The tragedy of George Barnwell is generally considered as one well calculated to act as a warning to youth; and with this view it is generally performed in London on holiday nights, when the attendance of young persons is the most numerous. It is also proudly referred to by the advocates of the drama, as having been once instrumental in saving a youth from a similar fate as Barnwell. The anecdote is related by Mr. Ross, and is as follows: "In the year 1752, during the trial

mas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told me, he was sent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient he was sure there was something that oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitation on the part of the doctor, the youth confessed there was something lay heavy at his heart; but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a captain of an Indian, then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds. That going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard, in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill. The doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and, to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of him. The father soon arrived—the doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every

thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction: that his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, which he put into the son's hands—they wept, kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name; but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, 'You have done some good in your profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday'—for the patient told the doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words, *'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell.'*

"I am, dear sir, your's truly,
"DAVID ROSS."

HINTS TO SECONDS IN DUELS.

WITH a little water, you must make some gunpowder into a fine paste; then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals. Remember, in ramming them down, to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet-mould. After the parties have fired, you must shew the mark, and swear you saw the bullet strike, and with great warmth insist upon it, that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it; if he should at first, which is very improbable, he will not do so long.

KING COL.

ELEGY.

Dedicated to * * * *

A PARODY ON GRAY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE pealing clock proclaims the close of day,
Th' attorney's clerk goes slowly to his tea;
And mine begins to plod his weary way,
And leave my realms to solitude and me.

Now fades the glitt'ring river on my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness feels;
Save when the rake wheels round his rapid
sight,
And drowsy watchmen follow at his heels.

Save, that from yonder darkly shaded tow'rt,
The moping sage does solemnly complain
Of such, as wandering near his lonely door,
Molest his quiet unassuming reign.

Beneath those rugged elms that old tree's shade,
Where ancient seats in many a mould'ring
heap

Spread out; where in repose you may be laid
Most sweetly to enjoy the balm of sleep.

Whilst the mild beam which ev'ning does adorn,
The gay young student laughing at your head;
The Postman's bell, or th' echoing horn,
Rouse you no longer from your lowly bed.

For you, the blazing hearth ne'er does burn;
Or, busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
Or children run to kiss their sire's return,
And climb your knees the envied kiss to share.

But still thy juniors to thy learning yield,
When you put on the stately law peruke,
To prove their arguments are all aloft,
And make them bow at your hard stroke.

Perhaps thy ambition mocks their arduous toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
But, yet, let grandeur hear without a smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

But stay—the boast of heraldry and power,
And all that beauty—all that wealth e'er gave;
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor do you, ye proud, whose happiness is grief,
If, of your merit, no trophies you can raise,
To push your fame in many a well-fed brief,
And swelling marks of vast increasing praise.

Repine at fate, or with rude passion's gust
Renounce the Law; because 'tis many a year,
Since thou'rt been call'd, and yet 'tis with dis-
gust
Thou'rt not a brief received, thy heart to cheer.

Perhaps, thus neglected thou hast laid,
Whose heart's so pregnant with celestial fire;
Who, if thou'rt been known, th' empire
might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Fair knowledge to thine eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spells of time, may perhaps
unroll;
Tho' care hath yet repressed thy noble rage,
And froze the genial current of thy soul.

K 2

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bring;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Perhaps thou may'st be he that hath with daunt-
less breast,
The petty tyrant of his school withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton thou may'st rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood;

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read thy hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Thy lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone,
Thy glowing virtues, but thy faults confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gate of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Perhaps, from the mad'ning crowds embroiled
strife,
Thy sober wishes may have learnt to stray;
And midst the cool sequester'd vale of life,
Thou dost keep the noiseless tenor of thy way."

Yet do not think thy wig so sprucely deck'd,
Will ne'er entice a brief that's straying by;
Whose strange and uncouth words its nonsense
do protect,
And for it gain the tribute of a sigh.

Thy name, thy years, thy thin and wrinkled face,
Insure success: thy fame will then supply
A stream of briefs, your fortune to replace,
And wealth, and peace, await you ere you die.

And you, whom dumb forgetfulness and care,
Th' anxiety and bitter want resigned;
Will hail with joyous look and altered air,
Th' increasing strength and vigour of your
mind.

And when at last thy soul at parting flies,
Some pious drops thy closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in thy ashes live thy wonted fires.

If thou, whom now I've fancied to be dead,
Perceiv'st that I thy tale do now relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred lawyer should inquire thy fate.

Haply, some busy-headed clerk may say,
" Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty step the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the grassy lawn."

" There on the bench at yonder nodding bench,
That wreathes its old fantastic branch so high;
His listless length at ev'ning would he stretch,
And gaze upon the tide that's streaming by."

" Hard by you tree, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring old law forms he would often rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like our forlorn,
Or crased with care or crossed in hopeless love."

"One eve I missed him at his wonted post,
Upon the bench and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, I almost thought him lost,
Since on the lawn, not at the stream was he.

"The next with dirges slow, in sad array,
Duly to the grave we saw him borne;
Approach and read, for thou may'st read, the lay
In which his heirs have shown how much they
mourn."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A sage to fame and fortune not unknown;
Fair Science nursed him from his very birth,
But Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He to mis'ry gave ev'ry thing but a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n every thing but a
friend.

EDWARD.

SMALL TALK.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

CONSISTENCY, dear Mr. Editor, however it may be upheld as the main-spring of the ordinary affairs of life, exercises no sovereignty over female minds. It gives weight to the sentiments of the lawyer, the merchant, and the sage, whose ideas, in their varied pursuits, need a basis whereon to found conjecture; with such, an opinion once accurately formed, becomes a legacy to posterity, and the accumulation of such opinions constitute the wisdom of the age. In the female world the case is widely different; were the Fair to become methodical and sententious in their imaginative excursions, what a vast range of tattle must they abandon—what a provoking restraint would it impose, to strive to check, whether in season or out of season, the natural tendency of our sweet voices, to clothe with insinuating grace the utterance of whatever ideas may assume the ascendant for the time being. Whatever, therefore, may be urged relative to the consistency of our sex, don't believe one word of it, Sir—it is incompatible with our natures; we should be the most monotonous insipid creatures breathing if we *pretended* to this equality, in *all* the little vicissitudes to which our tempers and dispositions are subjected. No one that has ever indulged the dear delightful spirit of contradiction, would for a moment tolerate the idea of perfect rationality—'tis absurd in the extreme, out of nature—a moping, listless state of existence, that would characterize us as the tamest creatures imaginable. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor—though why need you do that, since you enjoy the reality almost to satiety—the

indescribable delight whilst enjoying the presidency of your own fire-side (which, by the bye, I think must be a little elysium), the pleasant chit-chat as to what is or is not eligible for insertion in your choice pages of amusement and instruction;—the fascinating, yet arduous task of selecting from a table, absolutely groaning with intellectual sweets, an heterogeneous mass of inconsistencies, touching upon almost every subject to which ingenious argument can be directed,—the trepidation consequent on breaking the seal, from a fair hand, of a packet, odorous with bergamot, and the natural avidity and laudable anxiety to master its contents, in preference to the every day *character* of ordinary scribblers; the only, but often richly-merited compliments of innumerable compliments of innumerable correspondents, presenting an inexhaustible olio, ever varying ever new, to your enraptured vision—combining grave with gay, and lively with severe, a diversity of pleasingly-varied compositions that task your discrimination to its utmost bent, to select judiciously, for the gratification of your innumerable readers. What a scope for taste and fancy to revel in! How delightful, to us correspondents, would a peep behind the scenes prove! This is *laudable* curiosity; and yet (I shudder to think of it) the indulgence to one of my slender pretensions might be too sad a shock to the nerves for endurance. Conceive the horror of hearing one's essay designated Balaam,—inserted, perhaps, out of complaisance, or, what is worse, wholly discarded as unfit to grace your truly-pleasing miscellany;—the bare thought half inclines me to commit my lucubration to the flames, feeling that I owe your gracious notice rather to politeness than to desert, as you must number such a host of eloquent contributors possessing much stronger claims on your complaisance.—No compliments, I beg, or I shall doubt your sincerity.

I scarcely know how to allude to my coadjutors the Misses Di. Dashwell and Candid, to whom you, Mr. Editor, have introduced your readers. For my own part, I like not 'omans with peards, and methinks I spy great peards under their mufflers. Confess, my good Sir, are they not wolves in sheep's clothing? 'Tis kindly intentioned, I allow, in them, to court the display of *female* talent, in aid of a publication so pleasing and unexceptionable as the MIRROR,—urging it to the task of depicting the living manners as they rise, and giving free course to excursive fancy and glowing imagination: more particularly is it *due*, in

acknowledgment of the gallantry which you are ever on the alert to manifest in their behalf; and I hope and trust your future pages will present many instances of contrasted excellences in compliance with the suggestions of (dare I say) these pseudo logical damsels.

Feb. 14, 1825.

JANET.

ON SILENCE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Among a variety of other schemes that have been devised by the legislature, with a view to restrain excess, we find many salutary laws, enacting a tax upon luxuries. It is rather singular, that impunity in the use of speech has been so long tolerated; and, that no act of parliament has yet been passed, in favour of silence; more particularly, when she has so great a majority of both houses on her side!

If age be so universally admitted honourable, and antiquity have a right to precedence, surely it will not be denied, that silence is far superior to vulgar speech, and all the empty flourishes of eloquence; which are but too often employed in the worst causes, and tend to pervert the judgment of the weak. The tongue is, indeed, a little mischievous member, and the propagator of scandal and falsehood; were its real use but rightly estimated, and its abuse properly checked—did men speak from their hearts, and not merely from their lips—then, indeed, malice and ill-nature would lose their venom, and your word merchants become, at least, *inoffensive*, if not useful members of the community:—but, as the case at present exists, *thinking* is not counted a requisite in speaking; your modern praters are but adventurers in a sort of verbal lottery, at the risk of an infinite number of words (mere blanks!) and take their chance for the meaning—(prizes extremely rare!)

The unrestrained motion of the tongue (I cannot term it *use*) has been productive of as much mischief as a mad bull in a fair; but, with your permission Mr. Editor, we will devise a plan to tame this turbulent engine, and render it as harmless as an uncharged gun, or a milk-sop beau!

Thus much in praise of silence;—and in proposing to enforce its practice by padlocking the mouths of the multitude, I hope for the forgiveness of your female readers in thus openly attacking “the privilege of the sex.” It is therefore projected to lay a *tax upon loquacity*, and to class the talkers as follows:—

K 3

1. Those who talk sense,
2. Those who talk nonsense,
3. Those who speak truth, and
4. Those who tell falsehoods.

Now, as to the first division, they might (*perhaps*) at one shilling per head, in the three kingdoms, average 5*l.* a year,—but this defalcation would be amply compensated by the second (*nonsense mongers*) who at the same rate would average as many millions!—The truth tellers; at half-a-crown each, might possibly produce 100*l.* per year; while the last class, (which includes a vast body of authors, historians, travellers, professionalists, and tradesmen of every sort), at only a pepper-corn each, would equal the revenue of the East Indies!

Thus, like counsellor *Mouse*, I have proposed to “*bell the cat*!” but leave abler hands to fix it on—and for ascertaining the quantum of idle words, let every man be compelled to a *quarterly*, and every lady to a *daily* confession before Mr. Justice *Silence*, or any other magistrate, (as Falstaff says) “*fitting to be of the peace*.”

And now, sir, lest you may consider I have been already too *noisy* about *silence*, permit me, in concluding, to subscribe myself

Your obedient, humble servant,
29th Jan. 1825. JACOBUS.

ARCHIE, ON NUMBER CXXV. OF THE MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR.—Your sensible and valuable correspondent, *Tim Tobykin*, at the onset of a series of articles contributed under the title of *My Common-Place Book*, promised you, and himself too, no doubt, the timely contributions of a *coterie* whom he had warmly interested in the success of your well-intended publication. *Tim* is a friend of mine, and (*entre nous*) looks with no unkindly eye on your fair and pleasing correspondent, *Janet*, so I prithee make use of the Baron of Bradwardine's motto, if you view the damsel with a *single eye*; but this is from the purpose of my present communication; “matter of much pith and moment” doth now engage his almost exclusive attention, but entering, as I do, most fully into his friendly wishes for the unsullied face of the MIRROR, I am induced to venture a few remarks that had not else stained the purity before me, though I must in candour assure you it is no easy task to decide upon the whereupon. The devotees of nature and “her great First Cause” have contributed their several quota. The “Sports of

Art" come kindly to us through the medium of your Editorial research; habits, manners, schemes, pictorial essays, have each in their turn amused and informed our ever-thirsting minds; where then can I hope successfully to venture my primary essay in your interesting columns? I have more than once thought of entering the lists "critically," and if there is one occasion more than another tending to facilitate such *entrées*, it is presented by Number 125, "the public good doth stir us to the act," let no man take offence.

The topographical notice of *Stratford Bow*, is what it should be, drawn from authentic sources, and calculated, in conjunction with the correct idea conveyed by Mr. *SHARS'* well executed woodcut to fix the incidents and subject *availably* in the recollection. Would, Mr. Editor, I could say the *A. B. C.* as well. Doubtless the essay is well-intended, and far be the idea from me of nipping the budding flower; his quotations are proofs that with him memory is pagged by recollection, and thus becomes an estimable possession, but "pity 'tis 'tis true" it did not occur to him that in such fleeting notices of passing events as your publication admits, it is indispensably necessary to sketch the changes, "living as they rise;" still I am pleased with *A. B. C.* (who is not?) one word to him at parting, write freely but print discriminately, lest those who are friendly to him become D. E. F. (execrable pun!) to his actual pretensions. C. J. D. comes next to be shewn up, so far as his "*Spirited Ode*" goes, 'tis well, but let a friend to poetry that is worth remembrance, urge him in some early number of the *MIRROR* to give its readers the *better* half of his subject, I will venture a starting verse for him if he will deign to adopt it.

"Tis true I have written good humor'dly gay,

A spirited ode, and have done it in cog:

But reversing the picture, there's as much to say
Against, as in favour of tipping the Grog.

"Fashion" comes next, the fashion of *F. C. N.* where and when came this annoying visitant upon him? surely it is the child of fancy, engendered on one of "the office attendances" he speaks of, "all on account of the delay of the Foreign Post," truly, the Foreign Post has much to answer for; who ever heard of such a thing, (no one ever witnessed it) in polite society, as suffering your own dinner to cool (read spoil) that all might be served ere you ventured to form an opinion on the soup or fish which might, in this case, be vainly awaiting such courtesy.

Mozart's Requiem is one of those gems of biography, it is at all times desirable to find selected from the mass of tame and uninteresting writing with which such subjects are usually got up; a previous perusal of it (I think in the life of Mozart by M. Beyle, alias Stendhal) was attended with melancholy pleasure, the repetition has not lessened its interest, and *Suaid* is entitled to, and I doubt not has your readers thanks. *The Money of New South Wales* is arant Balaam, and I pray you, good Mr. Editor, no more deteriorate my initial by such insertion, I have read the article attentively but it brings no conviction with it. The *Grunts of Tipperkin* follow, and lest it should be said of me "thy vision doth not reach thy friend's defects," I'll rate him too as he is now but seldom with us, those "few and far-between, should they not be higher tinctured, filled with bright imaginations," thus recompensing us for their possible unavoidable scarcity, by brighter scintillations? You, Mr. Editor, cannot but answer in the affirmative, nor will the majority of your readers be behind-hand in the admission; why then will he attempt to satisfy us with this brief snatch, this luncheon as we may call it, when the head he has chosen for his lucubrations has all the attractiveness about it that the prelude to a handsome dinner possesses? but one excuse can be made for him, the temporary "inversion of his nature" as my kind hearted and amiable schoolmaster was wont to term it, when our urchin pranks had led him unwillingly to seek the key of the birch closet. Let us hope, aye and expect too, that as wintry glooms will in their uniform course pass from the face of our natural heaven, so his mental one will again burst from its "dark obscure" and the *MIRROR's* pages be allowed their full participation in a consummation so "devoutly to be wished." Surely *Tim* and the *Hero of the North* are not one and the same, I must confess I have my suspicions, for while the one is declaring in your pages that he is "very, very sick" the other no less pathetically appealed to our humanities for medicine, the last time I ventured my ribs at the Caledonian, "a nod to a blind horse," you can finish it Mr. Editor.

Your autographs are what they ought to be, (by the bye I may as well send you two, our late good king's, and those of Lord Nelson, previous and subsequent to the loss of his right arm,* the historical notice can but be a transcript from

* For these we sincerely thank our good friend Archie, and shall make the proper use of them.—Ed.

sources much more readily accessible to you than to myself.

Lancashire Manners are like all other manners, I presume, regulated by circumstances, and so does Mr. Baines think, for he gives us meagre satisfaction. *Reminiscences* are good. †† have good points. *Liston's Biography* is amusing from its very contradictoriness.—Liston and [Phantasmata! Momus and Mumps, sounds nearly as conceivable, but I'll endeavour next time I see him to associate Charnwood with his name, and then 'tis ten to one but I may laugh more heartily at him than ever. The extract from *Mrs. Baillie's Lisbon*, is a delightful sketch, the pencil itself could not have brought it out more vividly. Your *Gatherer* has been laudably industrious, and the poetic relieves are very creditable. *The Evening Contemplation*, and *The Lines written in a Quaker's Garden* have something peculiarly attractive in them. Thus much for the 125th number of the MIRROR; nothing but the interest I take in the publication would have induced me thus freely to comment on its contents. What I have written is in good spirit and with the best of wishes for the MIRROR's brightness; the sentiments it contains are those of many of your admirers as well as of

ARCHIE.*

P. S. One of the best proofs of your discrimination is given in the extract from *Capt. Lyon's last Narrative*; numerous as are the traits of endurance and discipline in the character of British sailors, it is not possible to find one of a stamp so nearly approaching the sublime, combining as it does, extreme of danger with the most perfect resignation to its worst consequences when all human effort was found unavailing to extricate them.

* The length of *Archie's* friendly and excellent letter obliged us to curtail it; but as, we believe, we have omitted more praise than censure, we trust he will not feel offended at this exercise of our Editorial prerogative.—Ed.

STANZAS,

On hearing an ignorant person assert, that Henry Kirke White, did not merit the fame his writings have acquired.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

And dost thou grudge the wreath of fame,
Upon the Minstrel's grave to lie?
And dost thou grudge the Poet's name,
To him thus early doomed to die?
Alas!—the child of genius knows,
How dearly are such honours won;
By faded cheeks—by lost repose,—
By life extinguish'd ere begun!

Beside his lamp, at midnight's hour,

Learning's pale martyr sat and kept,
Vigils of soul-inspiring power,
While those less gifted slept;
'Twas then, he turn'd the classic page,
When favouring silence reign'd around;
Then, pored o'er many an ancient sage,
And trod on sacred ground!

Yes!—'twas in midnight's hallowing gloom,
Wasting life's dim and feeble fire;
The Poet dug his early tomb,
And 'woke his plaintive lyre!
Then, his heart burn'd o'er Homer's theme,
Or wept with Briton's matchless child,
By Avon's fairy-haunted stream,
Echoing his "wood notes wild!"

None, but the child of genius knows,
How dearly are such honours won;
By faded cheeks—by lost repose,—
By life extinguished ere begun!
Then, do not grudge the wreath of fame,
Upon her HENRY's grave to lie:
Like Spring's first flowers the Poet came,
To blossom—and to die!—

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF COACHES.

(For the Mirror.)

AN able and ingenious author has treated the subject that gives a title to the present paper, (page 66, vol. 2.) in a manner so generally interesting, that it necessarily requires some apology for the following addition to it, but it is presumed to contain some few particulars that may have escaped the notice of that agreeable writer.

Julius Cæsar found chariots here eight hundred years ago; for all wheel-carriages which warriors rode and fought in, are fairly comprehended under that name. This method of fighting in chariots is very ancient: we have it noticed in Homer, and in the book of Exodus, and thence forward to the book of Kings and Chronicles. But this way of fighting was inconvenient, and the Saracens, who were once the best soldiers in the world in their days, used horses. These Saracens, it is probable, were descended from the ancient Parthians, who also fought on horseback, and used to fly, with an intention to betray into disorder the array of the enemy's battle.

From the Romans and Saracens, the nations of Europe might learn to reject the use of chariots in war (if they had not done it sooner), for almost all the nations of Europe sent great armies against them to recover the Holy Land.

Coaches are again found in England in the days of queen Elizabeth, when they were imported by the way of France, as our fashions commonly are; and it is most certain, that the judges rode on horseback to Westminster-Hall, in term time, all the reign of king James I., and possibly

a good deal later. At the Restoration, king Charles II. rode on horseback, between his two brothers, the dukes of York and Gloucester; and the whole cavalcade, which was very splendid, and consisted of a great number of persons, was performed on horseback.

Stowe says, when queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada, "she did come in a chariot-throne," the same being "drawn by two white horses;" and Wilson adds that "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first venture to sea;" and that she in "her old age used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance."

In the year 1672, at which period, throughout the kingdom, there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter-house, urging their suppression, and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says, "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, as make them uneasy ever after."

One remarkable fact concerning the increase of coaches among us, is, that it is computed, that no less than 10,000 persons are daily on the road in stage coaches, in different parts of the kingdom; this, however astonishing, is not at all improbable, as may be seen on reference to page 447, vol. 2, of the MIRROR, where the amazing increase of this particular means of conveyance is noticed.

Our present number of hackney-coaches that ply in the streets of the metropolis, is 1,200, besides cabriolets, which, in imitation of the French vehicle, have so recently been introduced among us.

F. R.—Y.

THE SPANISH REFUGEES.

SPANIARDS of a worthier race
Than those that now your soil disgrace,
Hearts that burn with freedom's fire!
Souls that war with tyranny's ire;
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!
By the blood of patriot's slain!
By the minds that writhe in pain;
By the friends and kindred dear,
Left to breathe in dungeons drear,
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile;

By the scars so bravely won!
By your deeds of valour done!
By the great and deathless cause,
Freedom's rights, and freedom's laws!
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!

By the tears from beauty's eyes!
By your wives and children's sighs!
By the battles glorious wrought,
(Where Mina and Quiroga fought!)
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!

UTOPIA.

WOLVES.

SOME years ago, some gentlemen were travelling in one of the provinces bordering on the Wener, when, at some distance from the road-side, in the forest, they heard a dreadful howling, as of an immense number of wolves and other animals: but instead of alighting, to see what it was, they pushed on for the next post-house, at the door of which they found the post-master and his servants, listening to the uncommon noise. One of the travellers proposed that all present should arm themselves and go to the spot, but as none of the post-master's party would consent to that, they all retired into the house, but next morning arose very early, and went to the place where the howling had been heard the preceding evening; and found to their great surprise a number of dead wolves, some of them without any marks of violence upon them, and a small shred of a bear's skin, near the tree where the unfortunate animal had been sitting, when he had been attacked by the numerous bands of wolves, which had undoubtedly devoured him. Till that time it was not generally thought that wolves would attack bears, but that and some other instances of dauntless ferocity, plainly shews what wolves in a state of starvation will do.

A. F. M.

A CELEBRATED pleader, whilst examining some witnesses at the bar, heard an organ playing in the street. "I never hear an organ played well," said the noble Lord, but it quite sends me to heaven." "Arrah, please your Honour," said an Irishman who stood near him, "I think it would be well if your Honour was to get his Majesty's best organ-player to play you a tune on your death-bed, for I think your Honour will never get to heaven any other way."

C. S.

Grotto of Antiparos.



ANTIPAROS is one of the Cyclades, and is situated in the Aegean Sea, or Grecian Archipelago. It is a small island, about sixteen miles in circumference, and lies two miles to the west of the celebrated Paros, from which circumstance it derives its name, *anti* in the Greek language signifying *opposite to*. Its singular and most interesting grotto, though so inferior in size to the cavern in Kentucky, has attracted the attention of an infinite number of travellers. The entrance to this superb grotto is on the side of a rock, and is a large arch, formed of craggy stones, overhung with brambles and creeping plants, which bestow on it a gloominess at once awful and agreeable. Having proceeded about thirty paces within it, the traveller enters a low narrow alley, surrounded on every side by stones, which, by the light of torches, glitter like diamonds; the whole being covered and lined throughout with small crystals, which give, by their different reflections, a variety of colours. At the end of this alley or passage, having a rope tied round his waist, he is led to the brink of an awful precipice, and is thence lowered into a deep abyss, the gloom pervading which makes him regret the "alley of diamonds" he has just quitted. He has not as yet, however, reached the grotto, but is led forward about forty paces, beneath a roof of rugged rocks, amid a scene of terrible darkness, and at a vast depth from the surface of the earth, to the brink of another precipice, much deeper and more awful than the former.

Having descended this precipice, which

is not accomplished without considerable difficulty, the traveller enters a passage, the grandeur and beauty of which can be but imperfectly described. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, about nine feet high, and in width seven, with a bottom of a fine green glossy marble. The walls and arched roof are as smooth and polished as if they had been wrought by art, and are composed of a fine glittering red and white granite, supported at intervals by columns of a deep blood-red shining porphyry, which, by the reflection of the lights, presents an appearance inconceivably grand. At the extremity of this passage is a sloping wall, formed of a single mass of purple marble, studded with sprigs of rock crystal, which, from the glow of the purple behind, appear like a continued range of smethysts.

Another slanting passage, filled with petrifications, representing the figures of snakes and other animals, and having towards its extremity two pillars of beautiful yellow marble, which seem to support the roof, leads to the last precipice, which is descended by the means of a ladder. The traveller, who has descended to the depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet beneath the surface, now enters the magnificent grotto, to procure a sight of which he has endured so much fatigue. It is in width three hundred and sixty feet; in length three hundred and forty; and in most places one hundred and eighty in height. By the aid of torchlight, he finds himself beneath an immense and finely-vaulted arch, overspread with icicles of white shining marble, many of

them ten feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. Among these are suspended a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so glittering as to dazzle the sight. The sides are planted with petrifications, also of white marble, representing trees; these rise in rows one above the other, and often enclose the points of the icicles. From them also hang festoons, tied as it were one to another in great abundance; and in some places rivers of marble seem to wind through them. In short, these petrifications, the result of the dripping of water for a long series of ages, nicely resemble trees and brooks turned to marble. The floor is paved with crystals of different colours, such as red, blue, green, and yellow, projecting from it, and rendering it rugged and uneven. These are again interspersed with icicles of white marble, which have apparently fallen from the roof, and are there fixed. To these the guides fasten their torches; and the glare of splendour and beauty which results from such an illumination, may be better conceived than described.

Dr. Clarke, who visited this celebrated grotto in 1802, thus describes it:—

"The mode of descent is by ropes, which, on the different declivities, are either held by the guides, or are joined to a cable which is fastened at the entrance around a stalactite pillar. In this manner, we were conducted, first down one declivity, and then down another, until we entered the spacious chambers of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, were entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation as white as snow. Columns, some of which were five-and-twenty feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads: fortunately some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers, who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or to remove them. Others extended from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to that of the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The incrustations of the floor, caused by falling drops from the stalactites above, had grown up into dendritic and vegetable forms, which first suggested to Tournefort the strange notion of his having here discovered the vegetation of stones. Vegetation itself has been considered as a species of crystallization; and as the process of crystallization is so surprisingly manifested by several phenomena in this grotto, some analogy may perhaps be allowed to exist between the plant and the stone; but it cannot be said, that a principle of life existing in

the former has been imparted to the latter. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the grandeur of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are many other chambers below this, yet unexplored, for no attempt has been made to penetrate farther: and, if this be true, the new caverns, when opened, would appear in perfect splendour, unsullied, in any part of them, by the stroke of torches, or by the hands of intruders."

Reminiscences.

No. XII.

SIR M. M. LOPEZ.

"Various religions, various tenets hold,
But all one God acknowledge, namely, gold."

THERE are some persons, in whom the spirit of trade is so ingrafted that it seems part of their nature: they look at every thing through the magnifying glass of gain, and nothing in their estimation is worth the pursuit, unless certain profit be the result. Lord Byron called the love of money an old gentleman's vice; but I know a comparatively young man, whose passion for gold is as ardent as a lover's for his mistress, who seems to have studied three books only, "Cocker's Arithmetic," "The Young Man's Best Companion," and "How to grow Rich." He dearly loves the funds, because, as he says, "*sleep as sound as you will, the interest is going on;*" and he thinks that the grand *summum bonum* of happiness is to heap up riches.—Sir M. M. L. seems as if this spirit was mixed up in his composition. Although he many years since quitted his profession, there hangs about him yet the atmosphere of a merchant, and it appears to be the air in which he finds the purest delight and the most solid comfort. A few anecdotes will confirm this. He lives in a magnificent house, to which is attached a fine garden, with conservatory, vinery, forcing-houses, and pinery. The best of the fruit, however, is sold; and dining one day at the house of ———, he complimented that gentleman on the excellence of his fruit, and concluded by observing, that although he had been at a considerable expense in erecting houses, he never could obtain such pines.—"Indeed," said the gentleman, "then your gardeners is a great rogue, and I should give him notice to quit immediately—why, Sir, that very pine came out of your own garden."

A gentleman had shewn Sir M. some civility, and he was anxious to return it.

Having seen a very fine queen pine in the house, he desired it to be cut, and getting into his carriage, drove off to present it. In passing, however, a fruiterer's shop, he saw some pines exposed. He immediately alighted, and inquired the prices. "Here is one, Sir, said the fruiterer, at seven shillings." "Indeed," said Sir M., "then what do you think this is worth?" producing the queen pine from under his coat. "Why, Sir, that is worth half a guinea." "Very well," replied Sir M., "then you buy this of me, and I'll buy yours,"—which was accordingly done. *The seven-shilling pine was presented*, and the three shillings and sixpence were with the utmost satisfaction deposited in the treasury of his pocket.

Notwithstanding this peculiarity, Sir M. is generous; and, on particular occasions, he has shewn all the feelings of a tender heart, and all the traits of a really benevolent disposition. Many years since, an anecdote was related to me which does justice to his head and heart, and I regret exceedingly that my memory will not serve me in this particular. A recent anecdote, however, will suffice to shew, that the spirit of benevolence and the spirit of trade are still hovering around him. A respectable tradesman had experienced a severe affliction, and the neighbouring gentry had opened a subscription for him, at the head of which stood Sir M. M. L.——. When the payment was to be made, the tradesman presented himself, and Sir M. gave him a draft at twenty-one days on his banker, at the same time asking what was intended to be done with the draft.—"Why, Sir," replied the tradesman, "I want the money for present purposes, and therefore I must get it discounted." "I'll discount it for you," returned the baronet, and strange to say, he immediately did so, deducting the interest. ††

My Common-Place Book.

No. VIII.

THE literary curiosities which might be collected from the various ancient churches and church-yards in our island, would fill a handsome volume, and form a work of considerable interest, inasmuch as the workings of the human heart, under the inevitable, but generally melancholy and touching privations of mortality, must be of importance to the observer of mankind, in all situations, and under all circumstances. I have always felt an anxiety to see collections of this sort, and have not unfrequently gone out of my way to make

them. "The character of a nation" (methinks Lord Bacon or some other great philosopher says) "may be gathered from its proverbs;" that of a country village, in some measure, may be gleaned from the epitaphs to be found in its church-yard. Nothing can be more disgusting than to see the jokes sculptured on a stone, beneath which are festering, in humiliating putrefaction, the remains of one who lived, and was respected and beloved, at least in his or her own circle; but occasionally these quaintnesses are the result of ignorance which claims our pity, or peculiar to the times in which the departed lived. On the other hand, a few simple expressive lines, or a well-chosen text of scripture, may

"Point a moral or adorn a tale,"

not speedily to be erased from the memory of the individual who saunters (with whatever view he may be doing so) among the slumbering relics of mortality.

Having collected a few, which are not to be found among the usual articles of this kind, I have been induced to bring them together, and have the satisfaction of thinking that it has been my lot to rescue some of them at least from an unmerited oblivion. The quaint specimens will be introduced, only because I believe they are really to be found on the tombstones from which they profess to have been copied; and I shall commence with them:—

He died of a quinsy,
And was buried at Binsey.

To the memory of Father, Mother, and I,
Who all of us died in one year;
Father lies at Salisbury,
And Mother and I lies here.

Gentle reader, gentle reader,
Look on the spot where I do lie;
I was always a very good feeder,
But now the worms do feed on I.

But enough of this key: now for some epitaphs, such as they ought to be; and here is one copied from a marble slab, which I lament to say is much broken and dilapidated—not by time, but by the spirit of gratuitous and wilful mischief. It is in the church-yard of Hove, near Brightelmstone, and must be admired for its neat and pathetic detail by all readers of discernment:—

Sacred to the beloved MEMORY of

Margaret;

Wife of Charles Badham, M.D. F.R.S.

In her, not any virtue was wanting which conduces to the perfection of the female character, nor any grace that can

recommend, adorn, and endear it; the bounty of nature had added to the most impressive beauty, all that is excellent in mind, and all that is engaging in manners.

Undismayed by the rapid approach of a disease full of suffering, she calmly witnessed from her chamber in the adjacent cottage, the signs of an advancing summer, of which, even her own delightful buoyancy of temper forbade her to expect the end: the green corn changed under her eye; she witnessed the decay of the last rose at her window; yet did no momentary expression of impatience disturb that serene disposition, for which, though life had many sources of endearment, death could be no object of alarm.

With the courage which piety and innocence inspire, she awaited the will of God; and on the first day of harvest, at the hour when the doubtful light of morning summoned the reapers to the field, her sufferings were gently terminated, and her meek spirit had arrived at the assured mansions of eternal rest; leaving to her afflicted husband the most hopeless of human griefs, together with six children of her love to witness, rather than share it.

On a Child, buried in Hove church-yard.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing,

Thine infant spirit soar'd on angel wing;
Our blind affection might have hop'd thy stay—

The voice of God has call'd his child away.

Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of heavenly ground.

Oh! more than Samuel bless'd, to thee was given,

The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in heaven.

On an Ancient.

Gentle as pious, in thy death the same,
One parting sigh dissolv'd thine aged frame;

By faith supported, by misfortune tried,
The Christian rose to heaven, the mortal died.

How sweet a thing is death, to all who know

That all on earth is vanity and woe!

Who, taught by sickness, long have ceas'd to dread

The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed!

Few are our days; yet while those days remain,

Our joys must yield to grief, our ease to pain.

Then tell me, weary pilgrim, which is best,
The toilsome journey, or the traveller's rest?

On Two Infants.

The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
The summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

To the memory of a beloved Wife.

A tender plant, borne from the fost'ring gales,
That breathes on Avon's margin, droop'd and died.
Yet time shall be, sweet plant, a gale divine
Shall thee restore. And thou, in health and youth,
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,
And flourish in the Paradise of God!

On an only Son.

Away with the sigh and the tear,
Though he's gone and for ever away;
For he ne'er caus'd a sigh to us here—
He ne'er from his God went astray!

On an only and much lamented child.

Noe wonder that his mother wept,
Noe wonder that she sigh'd,
He never drew from her eye a tear,
Till the dais on which he dyed.

To the memory of Lieut. —

Is it not sweet to see the western wave,
Bright burning with the rays of setting sun?

Is it not sweet, when twilight's come and gone,

And the day's toil is past, to sink at length

In gentle, peaceful sleep? It is, it is.
So, stranger, it is sweet for him whose faith

Rests on the Crucified, to fall asleep in death.

Faith is the dew that cools the burning brow,

Dries up the falling tear, composes decently

The drooping head, and softly turns the gaze

Unto thy heavenly hill, O Zion!

Thou who dost gaze, arread my lesson right;

And when thou enterest on the journey drear,

Thou shalt be calm anon, as I am calm—

Thy fetters burst—thy spirit with thy God!

On an Infant.

Just to her lips the cup of life she press'd,
Found the taste bitter, and refus'd the
rest;

She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sigh'd her little soul away.

EDGAR.

Scientific Amusements.

No. VIII.

ARITHMETICAL RECREATIONS

RECREATION 1.

To tell beforehand the amount of a sum in addition, when the first row only is down, leaving it to your opponent to put what figures he pleases, with this proviso, that you place a row for each one of his.—You must first decide as to the number of lines or rows, say five; then a row being put down, ask to look at it, and without seeming to do so, copy it exactly, and add a 2 at the commencement (or a 3, if the sum consist of 7 rows); now tell your opponent, that let him put what figures he pleases, this shall be the product; which you must then deposit safe without its being seen; after he has placed the two next rows, without the appearance of so doing, you must observe them accurately, and put down such figures underneath as will make the units of each double row ten, and all the other columns nine. Should a cipher occur in the unit column, you must place a cipher likewise underneath, and make one double row of the next column ten; but if a cipher be in any other column, a 9 in course must be added to make the amount 9. An example will render this perspicuous.

Ex. 1. without ciphers.	Ex. 2. with ciphers.
785346	647954
463874	514780
785127	790469
536126	485220
214873	209631
<hr/> 2785346	<hr/> 2647954

RECREATION 2.

A person multiplying a given number by any amount he pleases, transposing the product, and leaving out a figure, to tell the amount left out.—Let the given amount consist of figures, which, on being added together, will make a certain number of nines without remainder; thus, 763218 make 27, which contain 3 nines without any remaining: now let the above, or any number so constituted, be multiplied by any amount, the product

will invariably possess the same quality; to find the figure left out, cast out the nines, and what the remainder wants of 9 is the number deficient; thus, 763218, multiplied by 364, amounts to 277811352, or 36, containing 4 nines; but transposed, and a figure deficient, might stand 11873272, or 31, 3 nines and 4 remaining, shewing 5 deficient. Should the amount be without remainder, then the deficiency must be a cipher, if any be actually left out, and the sum correct: any number of ciphers may be added to the given number, as they in course are not reckoned any thing.

RECREATION 3.

Any amount being named, by adding a figure to that amount, it shall be divisible by 9, without any remaining.—On the number being presented to you, add the different figures together, and casting out the nines, observe what remains; then what that figure is deficient of 9, is the number to be added to make the amount divisible by nine. Should it so happen, that the figures presented form an equal quantity of nines, then add a cipher: the figure or cipher may be placed between any of the figures.

RECREATION 4.

A person having written an even number on one card and an odd on another, and holding one in each hand, to tell which is the odd and which the even.—Desire him to multiply the number in his right hand by 3 (or any odd number), and that in his left by 4 (or any even number), and tell you if the sum of the products added together be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right, but if odd, the even number is in the left hand.

RECREATION 5.

To find the difference between two numbers, the greatest of which is unknown.—Take as many nines as there are figures in the smallest number, and subtract that sum from the number of nines. Let another person add the difference to the largest number, and taking away the first figure of the amount, add it to the last figure, and that sum will be the difference of the two numbers.

For example: John, who is 22, tells Thomas, who is older, that he can discover the difference of their ages; he therefore privately deducts 22 from 99 (his age consisting of two figures, he of course takes two nines); the difference, which is 77, he tells Thomas to add to his age, and to take away the first figure from the amount, and add it to the last

figure, and that will be the difference of their ages; thus,

The difference between John's age
and 99 is - - - - - 77
To which Thomas adding his age - 35

The sum is - 112
Then by taking away the first figure
1, and adding it to the figure 2,
the sum is - 13
Which add to John's age - 22
Gives the age of Thomas - 35

RECREATION 6.

The Magical Century.—If the number 11 be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be similar to the digit used: thus, twice 11, 22, three times 11, 33, &c. &c.

Propose to any one to place a figure, and to add alternately a certain number, till it amounts to a hundred, but never to add more than 10 at a time. You tell him, moreover, that if you stake first, he shall never make the even century, but you will. In order to do which, you must first stake 1, and remembering the order of the above series, 11, 22, 33, 44, &c. &c. you constantly to what he stakes add as many as will make one more than the numbers of that series, that is, as will make 12, 23, 34, 45, &c. &c. till you come to 32; after which the other party cannot make the century himself, or prevent you from making it. If he stake first, you must endeavour to get possession of one of the above series.

Space required to write all the permutations of the Alphabet.—The permutations, or various ways in which the 24 letters of the alphabet can be written, appear almost incredible; yet on calculation they will be found to consist of 62,044,840,173,323,943,936,000. Supposing, therefore, each letter to be wrote so small, that not one should take up more space than the 1-100 part of a square inch, the inches in a square yard being 1,296, that number multiplied by 100, gives 129,000, which is the number of letters each square yard will contain; therefore, if the above sum be divided by 129,000, the quotient, which will be 478,741,050,720,002,160, will be the number of yards required. But as all the 24 letters are contained in every permutation, it will require a space 24 times as large, or 11,489,785,217,282,211,840 square yards; a surface 18,620 times as large as that of the whole earth, that containing only 617,197,435,008,000 square yards.

CLAVIS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PENSIVE STANZAS TO MISS M. A. TREE.

My Jasmine! my Myrtle! my Rose!
My pretty, my favourite Tree!
I shall give up the play, heaven knows!
If you give up its temple, and me!
What's *Clari* without you,—and what
Farmer Fawcett's old corn-yard?—I care
Not for *Home, sweet Home*, where you are not—
Nor a palace, if you are not there!

If I knew Mr. Bradshaw, I would
Remonstrate against your retreat!
Now Rosalind dies in the wood,
And Rosina must rot in the wheat!
Your marriage will consecrate two
With happiness, that I believe!
But what is the Public to do?
What the world—what must I do—but grieve?

Have you given us Pittites a thought?
Your earliest admirers, Miss Tree?
Is the love of a populace nought?
Is my happiness nothing to me?
Oh, think ere you enter the ring,
The prize-ring when you are within it,
What voice will be left as to sing,—
What voice like thine own, little Linnet?

When you sing—when you speak—Lady-bird!
You are somehow so musical-sweet:
That one thinks your heart's echo is heard,
And one's own begins straightway to beat!
Your eye hath a music I swear!
And your step hath a melody too!
Oh! I think, on my life your whole air
Is an air—and the town thinks so too!

You remind me of dreams,—fairy-tales,—
Book fancies,—and poetry things;—
Your Psyche-like voice never fails
To make my mind take to its wings!
You're the "singing Tree," that Fairy One,—
Which in pantomime now one may see?
You're the orange, bee-lov'd, in the sun!
A person alive,—yet a Tree!

Where will honest Will Shakespeare's old songs,—
Old songs of the heart,—find a tone
Fit to make mellow work of the wrongs
And the joys of true-love, when you're gone.
Oh! think, dear M. A. I ere you part,
What Orlando will do for a mate?
What a death-blow to Viola's heart?—
Do you think Mr. B. couldn't wait?

Other singers there may be,—there are—
Vestris, with the garb of a lad on;—
No musical voice has Miss Carr,
But that isn't the case with Miss Graddon.
Miss Halland is charming, no doubt,
And Miss Povey sings sweetly 'tis true,
But not those, nor the Stephens, can rove
My remembrances, Myrtle! of you!

Mrs. Orger remains,—Mrs. Bunn,—
Mrs. West,—but then she has no voice!
Oh! I think not on them—No! nor on
Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Boyce!

Even thy seniors I once could esteem!
Every dear old autumnal delight!
But my Davenport now is no dream!
And my grove is gone out of my sight!

Miss Chester in fulness of bloom,
Her sweetens may waste on the air;
Miss P. (Lady L.) in a room
May warble, but I'm in despair!
Miss Love may be merry, not wise,
With her laugh, light and short as her gown;
Miss Foote, with her dangerous eyes,
May return if she pleases, to town!—

But if you go,—I pack up my heart!
Take a place, for some grove, by the stage,—
And in silence, outside, I depart,—
To vent, in the forests, my rage!
I'll read As you like It, and pine
Over roots and remembrance:—And I
Will, by Heaven! as the June days decline,
Cut your name on your namesake,—and die!
London Magazine.

Miscellanies.

GROWTH OF THE WILLOW.

VAN-HELMONT planted a willow-tree of five pounds weight in a tub, watered it with rain and distilled water, and to secure it from any other earth getting in, covered it with perforated tin; five years after he weighed the tree, and found its weight to be 169 pounds three ounces, and the earth only diminished two ounces in its weight.—*Observation:* A willow is a thirsty tree, and in five years time must have taken in many tons of water; in its interstices many particles of earth must have been carried and could have no exit, therefore have remained in the tree.

THE TROUBADOURS.

THE Troubadours (or inventors of poetical romance) composed songs, &c., which an inferior class called *jongleurs*, sung to the harp at feasts and solemnities. They sang of war and battles; of the wonderful adventures of knights; of the beauty and virtues of damsels. As they adorned those damsels with every possible grace and accomplishment, the poet sometimes fell in love with the creature of his own imagination, and continued to make sonnets and love-songs on women who existed no where else; and if any of them afterwards met with a lady more interesting than usual, all the virtues and graces which he had collected in his sonnets, for the use of his ideal mistress, were applied to this real lady, whom, perhaps, he would continue to celebrate in his poems for years. Thus it

often happened among the troubadours, that instead of love making the poet, the poet made the love. Many have believed that this was the case with Petrarch. But, however that may be, the works of the troubadours came every day more into vogue. The profession was highly respected; and the most distinguished of those who followed it were cherished in private society, and great favourites at the courts. They were even freed from taxes. Some sovereign princes became so intoxicated with the works of the troubadours, that they were vain of being enrolled in their number. The most eminent of these, was Richard the First of England. This prince had a passionate taste for poetry. He had composed some poetical romances, and was afterwards the subject of many; particularly of one entitled, "The Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion," which, with added fictions, celebrates his warlike exploits during his crusade. From this poem Mr. Thomas Warton gives several extracts. In that which describes the duel between Richard and the sultan, at the siege of Babylon, it is said of the latter,

"A faucon brode in honde he bare,
For he thocht he wold thare
Have slayne Richard with treasourne."

The learned gentleman imagines, that by this faucon brode is meant a hawk; and that the sultan is represented with the bird on his fist, to show his indifference or contempt for the adversary with whom he was going to fight. Mr. Warton supports this conjecture by mentioning a curious Gothic picture, the subject of which is supposed to be this same duel; and some very old tapestry, on which heroes are represented on horseback with hawks on their fists. He adds, that in feudal times, no gentleman appeared on horseback, but with a hawk so placed. But with all due respect to the authority of the picture and tapestry, and all possible deference to Mr. Warton's opinion, I cannot help thinking that the faucon brode signified a broad falchion which the sultan had in his hand, with which he certainly had a better chance of killing Richard than with a hawk on his fist; unless, indeed, the sultan had reason to expect the same assistance from his hawk, that Valerius Corvus received from the crow, in his duel with the Gaul.

In the same poem we are informed that Richard carried a battle-axe from England, that made him more than a match for the sultan.

"King Richarde I understonde,
Or he went out of Engelande,

Let him make an axe for the nones
To brake therewith the Saracyns bones;
The heed was wrought right well
Therein was twenty pounds of steele
And when he come into Cyprys londe
The axe took he in his honde,
All that he hytte he all to frapped
The Cryfons away fast rapped."

But nothing in this poem can give a higher notion of the terror with which Richard's prowess had struck the infidels than what is recorded, in plain prose, by Joinville, that when the Saracens were riding, and their horses started at any unusual object, they said to their horses, spurring them at the same time, "*Et cuides tu que ce soit le roy Richard?*"

What contributed, as much as the favour of princes, to prompt young men to become troubadours, was the great favour with which they were beheld by the ladies; many of whom were exceedingly solicitous to have those poets for their lovers, merely for the pleasure of being celebrated in their poems.

That the avowed passion of a troubadour, and his addressing love-sonnets to a lady, was not injurious to her reputation, or, at least, that many husbands were of this opinion, is evident, for the husbands in general were as vain of having a troubadour attached to their ladies, as the ladies themselves could be. It is highly probable, therefore, that this species of attachment of a troubadour to the married lady he chose for the theme of his poetry, laid the foundation for the ecclesiastism of modern Italy.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

A CLERICAL PUN.

A ROYAL woman who about a twelve-month previous had lost her husband, a man of most excellent character, hearing that a person of very dissolute manners was to be buried close to him, went crying to the clergyman of the parish, saying her poor, dear husband would be *corrupted*. "Hold your tongue you foolish woman," replied the parson, "your husband's *corrupted* already."

EPIGRAM.

"A tongue I've for your supper got,
My dearest Tom," said Kate;
"Nod," cried Tom, "I'll touch it not,
I've had my share of late."

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

WEEP not for him, the warmest tear
that's shed,
Falls unavailing o'er th' unconscious
dead;
Take the advice these friendly lines would
give—
Live not to drink, but only drink to live.
C. J. WEBB.

EPIGRAM

[IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF
HIEROCLES.]

Ha, ha, my good friend, why I saw you
last night,

In a dream, quoth the sapient Teak:
Excuse me, Sir, that I was so unpolite
As to meet you—*nor offer to speak*.
W. P.

(For the Mirror.)

A WITTY traveller, who stopped at an inn to dine, asked the landlady what he could have for his dinner, who replied "Any thing in the world, Sir." "Oh! then," says he, "bring me a fine dolphin and flying fish sauce," upon which she started with astonishment, and said, "it was impossible," "why madam," says he, "you said I could have any thing in the world," "yes," rejoined the smiling landlady, "but I meant any thing in reason and season."
P. T. W.

GROVE, THE TABLE DECKER.

OLD Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the park every day. Dr. Bernard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the Mall. "So, Master Grove," said he, "why you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the man; "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead, I go half round and back."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To W. P. and Orynnse, we return our best thanks; the drawings they have forwarded are in the hands of the engraver. We should like to see the *Scottish Ramble*, if not too long; it may be sent through the bookseller. Answers to our remaining correspondents in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LINDSAY,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

XUM